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# Bargains in Choice Epteptainment and a word that sounded better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only that ain't got anything the word better than stopping—only the word better than stopp

\$500 buys a Stedman St. lot, 50x140. \$500 buys a Hopkins St. lot, 50x150. Lot corner Stevenson and Stedman,

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The Valely Record, 25c a Month.

The Gospel and Cat Hollow

By ADAM GANNETT

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There's been a lot of preachers since in Cat Hollow, but none of 'em ever made the hit the first one did. He went by the name of Wallace-the Rev. Jim Wallace-and him, and his wife, who was purttier than a peach, and sweeter, and his kid, who was seven years old and as likely a little chap as God ever made, was thoroughbreds-all three of 'em-and the camp ottoned to 'em from the start.

The Rev. Jim wasn't any of your long-faced, puling pulpiteers who thinks everybody who ain't hitting up the trail along with them is on the road to the bad place, not him. He'd take a drink with anybody-always drinking lemonade, of course-and if one of the boys happened to cuss when had a chance. This morning, when he was around he never batted an eye; didn't cuss hisself, that's all.

We may have been a rough crowd. and I reckon we was, but we wasn't slow tumbling to what was trumps with the parson, nor to following suit, neither. Even Three-finger Bill, who Said he'd cussed, man and boy, for Jim," he says, "nor yet the missus; the house." it's the kid. I'd rather be cinched for that cute?"

Of course, it was harder on Three-



TOU DIDN'T ROB ANYONE, DID

hell, but meant something. Nor was to do with this story. Church Fund," as the boys called it.

"It come over me all of a sudden,"

"That's all right," says he. dien't rob anyone, did you?"

"No," says I. "Nobody's going hungry on account

of It?"

"Not in Cat Hollow," says I. "There ain't anybody's wife deprived of anything by reason of it?" "As far as I know, you're the only

narried man in camp," I says. "If that's the case," says he, "the money's cleaner than most that goes to building churches. Where I come from they was after all the coin they and Mollie ain't much better." could rake in, and they didn't make no cones about how it was come by, neither. It takes lots of hunger and misery and want to build a church in taken off."

"More shame to Frisco," says I. "Quite so," says he. "And be sure to thank the boys for me, and tell 'em without it before. I've engaged Pat Sheedy's dance hall for next Sunday morning, where I'll Jim had got up at his end of the hall are sent from Germany to the United

Frisco," says he.

en around camp."
"Thanks, Jim," says I, "we'll all be on deck, that is all except Charite Ca- was plain talk, but a talk it would sey, who's a Catholic. And as for the bave done your heart good to hear. ladies-why, we used to call 'em ladies

"My dear Three-finger." says Jim. never lived; but she's a woman, too, had a chance," says be.

I remember Spike Kennedy taking it was true what he'd heard, about Jim saying his wife would be glad to meet the women of Cat Hollow. "I only got it second-hand," says he, "and I thought maybe it wasn't straight."

When I told him it was dead straight he thought for a minute, then said: "I guess Jim's right about some women not being ladies because they never me and Kate was standing in front of the Resort, along comes Jim's kid-

'Howdy, Mr. Spike, and is this your wife?' Being sort of flabbergasted, 1 answers: 'Yes.' And what does Kate do-she blushes to beat the band, then was the profanest man in Cat Hollow, picks the kid right up in her arms and didn't renig no oftener than he had to. kisses him, and when she puts him cheer. down I'll be darned if I don't believe 40 years, and it was like going with- there was tears in her eyes, though out breathing to quit. "It ain't for I ain't sure because she run right into

During the rest of the week there stealing cattle, than caught cussing by wasn't much talked about in camp Jim's kid. That youngster thinks I'm but going to church. Everybody all right, I can tell by the way he looks wanted to know what everybody else at me. Calls me Mr. Bill, too. Ain't was going to wear, for all the world like a parcel of women.

Three-finger Bill allowed that he finger than any of us, so we didn't was going in a b'iled shirt. "If you blame him when he complained that want to do the right thing by Jim, his vocabulary had shrunk to nothing, you'll all wear 'em," says he. "There ain't nothing righter than a b'iled

too," asked Abe Fenton

"Nope," says Three-finger, "I ain't A collar keeps me cussing under my breath every minute I have it on, and I'm going to church to hear what Jim has to say, not to hear myself cuss; but I'll tell you, boys, right here-not one of you steps through the door of Pat Sheedy's dance hall next Sunday morning if you ain't dressed proper, and by proper, you know what I mean. Somewhat Similar to That Employed ain't no church member, and I ain't no Christian, but I know what their habits is, and this here camp is going to church right, or it ain't going at

any kicks registered when he started Sunday morning we all lined up at the language had definitely resolved it be said hoarsely, "that your MS. is a "kitty"—a dollar from every jack- Big Mike's about half past ten for a self into that of the deaf mute. Of Course you will entertain this be the regular thing to hold out a perSheedy's dance hall in a bunch. We as to how deaf mutes could possibly he finished. "I hope you don't need it centage on all games for the "Jim was so anxious to be on time that we retain positions which are supposed to immediately?"

> says Three-finger, when he was telling Jim's kid. Mrs. Jim was the purttiest proval of the nimbleness with which publishers to-morrow. about it at Big Mike's one evening, thing I ever seen-by a mile. She had the language was carried on between that maybe Jim wouldn't want to on some kind of swishy dress all cov- the two youngsters. A woman who morning! build his church out of money that had ered with little pink flowers, and was more deeply interested than the been raked out of a kitty, so I just Jim's kid was dressed up to the limit; rest alighted at the Fourteenth street smilingly. didn't have on his everyday clothes, lowed them up the steps and found to ingly.

wasn't surprised! Just then the women come in-at least two of 'em did and took seats noticing her look of astonishment, across the hall from where we was slowed up and said to her: sitting. You wouldn't have known 'em for the same girls, they was dressed

quiet and looking so pale. Three-finger. "Do you reckon they're language and use it. As a matter of scared? Kate looks white as a sheet,

"It's their way of wearing b'iled shirts," says Abe Fenton, grinning; "only instead of putting on, they've.

"Taken off what?" asks Three-finger. "Paint," says Abe and then we understood. We hadn't never seen 'em

Then we shut up and front-faced, for be glad to have 'em show up at 11 and begun talking, talking, I say, not States every year.

"jerky." But this was Atmerent; it

Well, that was the first preaching in but since your wife showed up we just Cat Hollow, but it wasn't the last by there were only two people in the disappeared, vanished irreparably, you call 'em women. I'll tell the women, a darn sight. Every Sunday morning, room. One of them stood on the hearth are responsible, and you alone! though, what you said, and I'm sure rain or shine—and it was mostly shine rug, with his back to the fire, looking they'll be much obliged and will keep in Cat Hollow-we all meandered in a down on the other as she sat, fingerbunch over to the meeting house. ing the MS. on her lap.

In the meantime the new church had you're right about my wife being a been building, slow but sure, and the asked. lady, and a sweeter, truer or a braver Sunday after it was finished we all went extra early to take a look around. with great simplicity. and she'll be very glad to meet the Early as we was, though, we wasn't She frowned. "You ought to say, well! I suppose you know it-I had other women of the camp. There's lots the first, for when we come in there it's because my other stories have been already lost my heart. That's all of women what would be ladies if they was Jim, and Spike Hammond and so successful, and I get such nice puffs Good-by!" Kate-all three of 'em talking, and in the papers!" morning. If I hadn't known her be- me!" fore, I'll swear I believe I'd have thought she was a lady.

there chinning, when in comes Mrs. Jim. And what does she uo but sail right up to Kate and kiss her, just like she was her own sister. After which she turns around to Spike, who was his abode uttering unholy words. looking kind of embarrassed, and says late you."

Say, it struck us all of a heap. And when Spike, holding one of Kate's tily from an evident inspection of the hands like you do in the lancers, says: carpet. His face was pale, and his "Boys, I want to introduce you to my searching eye roamed uneasily over the wife," maybe you think we didn't furniture.

#### THE CASH ACCOUNT.

I cannot make the thing come out.

Though I have thought and thought she inquired.

and thought. And tried to make a careful pot-

Three dellars for a new straw hat; for luncheon, fifty; shoeshine, five— Oh, hang it! Yes, I've got all, that! Considering the scant supply.

The treasury has too many vents.

It's outgo, outgo all the time—

Where did I spend that thirty cents?

igars. four-fifty; grape juice, ten (I think I had some foam on top); leachers and peanuts, thirty-five, And ten cents more for ginger pop. ut still that haunting deficit My deep perplexity augments.

hat was it for?-Oh, well, here goes! For foreign missions, thirty cents!

SUBWAY SIGN LANGUAGE.

by Deaf and Dumb People.

When the subway express train started from Brooklyn bridge, two Of course Three-finger's ultimatum messenger boys who were sitting towas what you might call revolutionary. gether began suddenly to make signs, you quite understand what scene I re-To begin with, b'iled shirts wasn't relates the New York Press. At first any too plenty in Cat Hollow. But those who looked on thought that poswhen we seen he was in earnest, no- sibly these signs might be only the body thought of wearing anything else, wiping off of chins after consuming "The MS." she repeated deterfor Three-finger Bill had a way with slices of pie before starting on the minedly. him; he also had a pair of fists, and journey, but it was not many minutes and wanted to borrow a dictionary to a gun which shot six times without before they began to think otherwise. room, then faced her, crimson and around the Worth street curve before

> got there before Jim and his family. entail considerable glibness of tongue, but Jim-I'm a son of a gun if Jim station when the boys did. She folcorduroy pants and a flannel shirt. her amazement that, the moment they

"It is getting to be a common thing What's the matter with 'em?" says means of locomotion, to study the sign managed to get in a word. fact it is the only language that can be it? 'heard' to any extent on the subway express.

> Keeps Him to Herself. when she refuses to introduce him to a girl who is prettier than she is.

About \$5,000,000 worth of tar colors

#### ong THE TALE OF A TALE

BY EDITH M. WILLETTE.

It started on the small sofa in the "Why do you want to read it?" she

"Because you wrote it," he answered, ed, it was because you were present.

laughing some, too. And I never saw "Those feasons may suffice for the already at his elbow, and there was me aside that night and asking me if Kate look so purtty as she did that rest of the world, but they don't for something in her hand—a typewritten

> As I was saying, there they was, front hall, turning his pockets inside her eyes were twinkling-"thanks to Jim, and Kate and Spike, a setting out by the light of the midnight oil, your stories and mine. But you're not there chinning when in comes Mrs. examined the pavements outside, and the door knob.) "It isn't late, and be finally patrolled a certain street to s sidescertain house till a certain small hour Here she looked up at him, and-ah, of the morning, when he returned to well!-The clock ticked loudly and the

"What are you looking for?" she de-"Mr. Hammond, allow me to congratumanded on entering the drawing room AN APPERL TO CAMPERS. the next morning.

"Nothing," he answered, rising has. Patriot of the Hoe Admonishes Them

"Oh, no!" he responded defiantly.

"Well, what did you think of it?"

me what you like best about it."

at this point she brought him back to cause the preservation of our forest

ought to have done it?" moment. "What?" And then recollect commercial bulwark of America; ing himself-"Yes." This stoutly. "I crops, tight money," is a saying wh think Gregory was perfectly justified; ought to be familiar with newspi I don't see how, under the circum- readers. stances, he could have done otherwise. I am quite certain that in his place I

should have done just the same thing." "What thing?" she asked, as she Relic of Early Italian Art That poked the fire with her back turned. Then, as he did not answer immediateferred to, but I'll show you in a moment if you'll just hand me the MS." "The MS.?" he queried, blankly.

He took two turns up and down the

"I'm extremely sorry to tell you," (the arctic blue of her eyes froze the

"N-no," she admitted; "not to-day, Then in comes Jim, Mrs. Jim and together with a broad and smiling ap- but I really must dispatch it to the "All right," he said. "I'll call in the

"With the MS.?"

"With the MS." he echoed, despair-And as he went out of the house he Say, maybe you think Three-finger Bill emerged into the open atmosphere of held a brief ineffectual conversation the street, they burst into verbal talk. with the butler, punctuated with a five-A stranger who walked by her side, dollar bill, and then paced the street for many hours-a prey to thoughts of

forgery and flight. It was the next morning and he had now for messenger boys and those who been talking volubly and long on difare chilged to employ the subway as a ferent subjects when she at length "Well," she asked "have you

'What?" he answered quickly. The measies? No! Although you seemed to think so, judging from the way in which you avoided me at the reception A young man is ace high with a girl last night, and again at the opera afterward. You wouldn't give me so

"I didn't see you," she told him. "Where-where was I?" he inter an inch in diameter. They are rupted to explain. "In the dress cir through sapphires, rubles and cle, on the opposite side, with my monds by a machine which makes glasses leveled on your box." "That was a waste of time" she sale

impatiently, "and so is this. W Why will you not acknowled

you've lost my MS ?" "Because I haven't!" he answered doggedly. "No!" (As she stared at

He strode to the door, then wheeling round, faced her. "If I forgot your story," he said harshly, "it was because I was thinking only of you. If I was absent-mind-If I er lost that MS. it was be

And he turned to go. But she was parcel-a MS.

"It has been a pretty bad quarter of Two hours later he stood in his own an hour, hasn't it?" she asked him, and going yet?" (For he was turning to

are crackled.-Valley Weekly.

to Aid in Forest Preservation. I want again to raise my voice in an "I thought you might have dropped appeal for care of the forest, says Cas-

something!" she suggested, causually, per Whitney, in Outing Magazine, ...eip the president and the forest service in their magnificent efforts to preserve our woods. Be sure before you leave The more I think and think and think absorbing! I assure you it kept me then scrape dirt over the awake until four o'clock this morn-the wind may not stir into destructive ing!"

"And yet it "Oh!" he said with a start. "That your camp that every last bit of your Ten cents for car fares-that's all You must read very slowly! Do tell is more of a menace to forest conservation than the devastating fires which "Oh, well," he floundered; "I liked every autumn sweep across great tracts it all immensely, but what appealed to because of careless campers who me especially was that-er-scene "thought" they put out their camp fire. where the heroine-er-gets the best And if you thus aid the president

and the forest service you serve your He felt that he was doing well, but country and your own interest-be lands concerns every citizen in Ameri-"Do you think," she asked him, earn, ca. and intimately concerns our agrinest and wide-eyed, "that Gregory cultural interests. Every intallig reader knows that the agricultural in "Who?" he asked, staggered for a terests come very near to being the

> VASE OF THIRD CENTUR Valued at a Very High Figure.

Another family treasure of g value which has since passed into keeping of the nation is the Portla vase, now exhibited in the Britis museum. This vase came from Italy and what its age is no man know though it has been proved that in D. 235, it was deposited in a sepul under the Monte del Grano, thi miles from Rome, and it is believ to have contained the ashes of Emperor Severus. But, whether no. Pope Urban VIII. had it dug i and for more than two centuries posed in the Barberini palace at Ro In 1786 the duke of Portland chased it from Sir William Hamili for 1,029 guineas, and deposited it the British museum 15 years later. vase is only ten inches high. In a man named Lloyd, employed at museum, picked up a stone and hu it in a fit of frenzy at the case wh contained the precious relic. The was smashed into hundreds of pl but with great ingenuity they were put together again and as it stands is said to be worth at the least, \$75,000.

His Conquering Gareer.

wonder what has become Smashum, who used to play cents the college eleven years ago. I rem ber him as one of the greatest gr gainers I ever saw." "He is yet. He went into the real

tate business, and now he owns a wl suburb."-Chicago Tribune,

Wonderful Machinery.

The smallest holes pierced by ern machinery are one-thousandth



LEATHER GOODS

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Silver Tea Spoons, 50c each up

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